

## FARWELL'S PET STORY OF A NAUGHTY LAW STUDENT WHO WENT TO CHURCH

BY N. D. COCHRAN.

In the letter I got from Arthur Bura-ge Farwell the other day, there was enclosed a tract. Above the title of a beautiful story on "A Mother's Love, A Son's Courageous Action" Brother Farwell had written:

"Have reached with this story half a million people."

I am glad of it, and think YOU will be when you read the story. For I am going to reprint that story. Here it is:

"One Sunday morning, a year ago, a party of young men, students in a law school, all of them sons of Christian parents, started out to a grove to spend the sacred day in card playing and wine drinking. As they walked along, laughing and jesting, a church bell in the distance began to ring. One of the men, named George, stopped and told his companions he was going back to the village and to church. They sought to dissuade him but he was firm. Then they gathered in a circle about him and threatened to give him a cold bath in the river. Quietly, calmly, earnestly, the young man said:

"I know you have power enough to put me there till I am drowned; and if you choose you can do so and I will make no resistance; but listen to what I have to say and then do as you think best.

"I am two hundred miles from home. My mother is a helpless, bed-ridden invalid. I am her youngest child. My father could not afford to pay for my schooling; but our teacher is a warm friend of my father and offered to take me without charge. He was anxious for me to come, but mother would not consent. The struggle almost cost her what little life was left. At length, after many prayers, she yielded and said I might go. The preparations for my leaving home were soon made. My mother never said a word to me till the morning I was to leave. After I had

eaten my breakfast she sent for me and asked me if everything was ready; I told her I was waiting for the stage. At her request I knelt beside her bed. With her loving hand upon my head she prayed for her youngest child. Many a night I have dreamed that whole scene over. It is the happiest recollection of my life. I believe to the day of my death I shall be able to repeat every word of that prayer. Then she said:

"My precious boy, you never can know the agony of a mother's heart in parting for the last time from her youngest child. When you leave home you will have looked for the last time, this side of the grave, on the face of her who loves you as no other mortal can. Your father cannot afford the expense of your making us visits during the two years that your studies will occupy. I cannot possibly live as long as that. My life has nearly run out. In the far-off, strange place to which you are going there will be no loving mother to give counsel. Seek counsel and help from God. Every Sunday morning, from ten to eleven o'clock, I will spend the hour in prayer for you. Wherever you may be during this sacred hour, when you hear church bells ring, let your thoughts come back to this chamber where your dying mother will be in prayer for you. But I hear the stage coming. Kiss me—farewell!" Boys, I never expect to see my mother again on earth; but by God's help, I expect to see her in heaven."

"With tears streaming down his cheeks George looked into the faces of his companions. Their eyes were moist. The ring they had formed about him opened and he went on his way to church. Then all quietly threw away their cards and wine flasks and followed him into the church service."

All of us will admit that it is a beautiful story, an affecting story be-